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Memories of Alice Moore were written by Rev.

Oyez, Oyez, Oyez!

One of my favorite amusements, as a child, was attending court. Court was held three times a year in our county, and the sessions drew an audience that comprised most of the able bodied people for miles around. Farmers came to town in the morning, bringing their wives and children with them, and spent the day. Their buying, and selling, and trading were all a part of the incidental activities of court week. I can remember our noon dinner table during court, surrounded by countless and casual cousins from Greenbank and the Levels.

A bell in the tower of the Courthouse summoned the devotees. Everyone came. Even the dogs made a point of being present. A water spaniel, belonging to a friend of mine, answered every tolling of that bell, whether his family went or not. Whenever the Courthouse bell rang, he hurried to the Courtroom. He even attended Teacher's Institute until those meetings were moved to the High School. He finally came to be looked upon as an honored member of the Bar.

No wonder Court was an integral part of my life, and the life of my friends: Our fathers were lawyers; our uncles, clerks; and our sisters, stenographers. Our houses were grouped around the Courthouse. We were so close to that building and the adjacent jail that our voices carried easily from one to the other. Sometimes they carried too easily. An old man who had worked for us was frequently incarcerated because of his fondness for corn liquor. His cries from the jail window were audible, and usually efficacious. "Oh Lord, Oh Lord, Oh Lord" He would wail. "Come and get me out of this place." My father and the Lord were both amiss in Bill's mind - only my father was a more present,

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We used to bet on the outcome of the trials, and argue over our fathers' powers. Each believed her father to be more eloquent and more persuasive than the others. Since they were often opposed, defending and prosecuting, we were at war, too. One of my good friends and I battled over a murder case for years. And this day I don't care whether the man was acquitted or not, I still believe he killed his wife!

When we went to court we did not sit back in the benches provided for the on lookers. No sir, we sat up front with the lawyers. We were a part of the Court Women, Children and dogs, all cluttered up the bar. We were pretty well behaved, on the whole, quiet and attentive; but not so the dogs. Our Tackel, and Mr. Hill's Rowdy did not care for each other. They were both Airedales, somewhat elderly and set in their ways. In the midst of an important point in a case they were likely to start growling and stalk, stiff - legged, around each other. Sometimes the fight could be averted, but occasionally there was an added attraction in the Court Room - an honest to goodness dog fight. It was unfortunate, of course, when these little disturbances broke the continuity of a trial. It was after one such fracas that the judge threatened to fine my father and Mr. Hill for contempt of court if they brought those damn dogs into the Courtroom again. Poor Tackel! he had to be tied upon court days, thereafter. It nearly broke his heart.

Arson, larceny, and manslaughter were a part of my vocabulary when I was still a baby. We followed the procedure of the courtroom and tried cases ourselves. They were never very successful, however, because we could not find, in our number, an impartial judge.

We were all secretly desirous of being called as witnesses. Once my hopes were almost realized. A man broke into our house one night and was about to set our house on fire when my sister surprised him. When he was tried I felt certain I would at last receive the coveted summons. I was the envy of my friends. But the trial was carried on, and a conviction secured, without my assistance. I was insulted; and besides my chinchilla coat, a variety of clothe, don't misunderstand me, which had been soaked with kerosene by the defendant, was kept in that condition as exhibit A, to be shown to the jury; and the kerosene smell never did come out.

Since our town had no movies and few plays, the courtroom took the place of the theatre with us. When the curtain rose on an exciting trial we would be in our box seats, the chairs to the right of the Judge. Those were our usual places, although during one June term I sat on the open window right beside the jury box. What a week that was; I was almost on the Jury! We remained in our seats straight through the performance until noon recess. Then we went home to dinner and heard our fathers' comments on the morning's events. When the afternoon session convened we aired our fathers' opinions with the aplomb of veteran jurists. We weighed the evidence presented with infinite care and patience; and we decided the cases long before the foreman of the Jury had handed his little slip of paper to the clerk. The outcome of a trial held for us the same fascination that a football score holds for a modern child. Those tense hours of waiting for the verdict are as real to us, even yet, as the hold in my stocking today.

Of course, it might be supposed that our constant attendance in a courtroom would result in some damage to our character. Not so, the judge and the court, no doubt flattered by our frank admiration and regular attendance, kept a strict watch upon our morals. Whenever there was anything of a questionable nature to be introduced into the evidence the judge would make his announcement. "All ladies and children must leave the courtroom." And Annie Lange, the town hussy, was always the first to depart!

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Music - and the Child

I spent my childhood and grew up in a small town. That phrase, grew up, is literally true, for when I grew I didn't fool around with inches, I grew by the yard, and finally attained a mature height which is still regarded as phenomenal; and which is not altogether unrelated to my musical life, especially the recitals.

In that age and town no female of the species was regarded as a lady unless she had taken, or was taking, music lessons. By music lessons we meant piano lessons. The other musical instruments were sublimely disregarded. My mother, of course, was determined that my social attainments should compare favorably with my friends'. She was even ambitious for me. Once she told me that her joy would know no bounds if someday I could take cousin Grace's place at the Presbyterian Church and play for services!

The question of ability, or talent, or inclination did not enter into consideration. To the society of the town music lessons were in the same category with spelling lessons. They were a necessary part of every young girls training. To me, they were in the same class with calisthenics. Only, instead of taking them twice a year, I had a dose twice a week. The only time I laid a finger on the piano was during my half hour lessons. I did not practice; when my mother mentioned the piano, I took to the tree tops.

As the years go past I grow more and more certain that there is no music in my soul. My Aunt Ethel once told me of a relative of hers who said that he knew two tunes, one was Yankee Doodle and one wasn't. I'm not quite in that class. I do know the "Star Spangled Banner" when I hear it, and usually, if the melody is not too obscure I can recognize some of the current popular music. If I hear a piece of music about fifty times I can sing it. Of course, I provide variations not included in the original score, and I don't even know what "key" it is in. I am sure I am alone.

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Nevertheless, I took music lessons for six years. Every Tuesday and every Friday I dragged my music roll and my reluctant feet to Miss Shugro's studio, and endured a half hour of torture. Miss Shugro counted time while I played. I never played more than a few bars until I would make a mistake and have to start over again. As a result, I usually achieved a mechanical knowledge of the first part of the exercises, but I never knew anything about the ending. I would carry a sheet of music about with me until it finally wore out and went to pieces, but I never knew the last lines.

Miss Shugro once called her entire music class together and told us she had decided to give prizes at the end of the year for excellence in our work. She was sure that each of us could win a prize if she only tried. We were all talented, and with our natural gifts all we needed was a little practice. This special dispensation did not bother me at all. I went my usual way and finally spring, and the end of the musical year, arrived. One of my friends told me that each of us was going to receive a prize. To say that I was surprised is not adequate. My curiosity knew no bounds. To save my soul I could not think of any musical excellence of mine that would merit a prize. I gave it up, if Miss Shugro could think of a prize for me, she was an exceedingly smart lady.

Prize day came, and I received a prize for always being on time for my lessons!

The part of my musical education I hated most, the function that, to me, was an agony almost beyond endurance, was the yearly recital. On this superb occasion the town came to the Opera House en masse to hear us play.

An Opera House in a town of less than two thousand inhabitants is a distinct anachronism. The title, however, is not in any way, related to fact, but, since the gentleman who built the edifice thus fancifully dubbed it, it was always the "Opera House" to us. Now it houses some several chevrolats and serves as a garage, but it is still the Opera House. At different stages in its career it served in varied capacities. Originally stock companies performed there, and amateur theatricals were prodeced upon its stage. It was in the course of a rehearsal for the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," to which I was lending my incomparable histrionic ability in the part of a big grey rat, that I saw in the shadow of the wings, a gentleman kiss a young lady. For years I waited for a eir surely forth coming marriage. I am still waiting! Basketball games were played there; the Amusu Theatre presented "The Diamond From the Sky" and "The Iron Claw," those worthy serials of an earlier day, within its portals. For a season it became a skating rink. When the Presbyterian Church was being rebuilt our services were held there and unfortunately, during the church era the sigus of its former occupatations still decorated the building. A cousin of mine from New York, accompanied my mother to church there one Sunday morning. Being possesse of a mad and devilish sense of humor he had to be led, choking, from the "churc" upon whose walls he had read, "Don't spit on the Floor." "No reversing," "Twenty Cents an Hours," "No skidding on the corners." "No Drunks Allowed"! My mother was so embarrassed I doubt if she has ever forgiven him.

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Our recital, the musical event of the year, became a part of the entertainment provided at the Opera House. We, dressed in our best and scared to death, shivered in the wings while our fond and doting parents waited out front for their prodigies to perform. The yearly program was arranged according to ability the beginners appearing first and the more skilled players coming, by way of climax at the end. Needless to say, I was always one of the first performers of the evening. Even when my contemporaries were presenting the grand finale, I, overgrown, awkward, suffering an agony of shyness, stumbled across the stage and played my little "Tra la la la." As the second on the program in a class of twenty odd. Those recitals did something to my soul. I find I cannot speak of them with levity; they left a permanent scar.

Finally, after six long years, and several fruitless rebellions at home, I took matters into my own hands. When I was excused from the school room to go to the studio, I left the schoolroom but, I never did reach my destination. I would hide for half an hour and read. When I was finally discovered, and the music in my life came to an abrupt but timely end, I was found behind the Episcopal Church reading "The Call of the Wild!"

Page 1.

Pasteurized

For the last twenty years a battle has been raging in Marlinton. I don't mean that we inhabitants have been in a state of siege all that time. We have enjoyed periods of comparative quiet, usually during the winter months, when the skirmishing died down; but we have always known that permanent peace could never be ours. The question involved is of great magnitude and the issue is vital; the citizens are partisan and intolerant; neither side has shown any disposition to mellow with age. Perennially, the fighting breaks out, now at a bridge party, now at the Ladies Aid, now in the jury room. Laides grow insulting, gentlemen angry, children belligerent. Every year a vote is

never be ours. The question involved is vital; the citizens are partisan and intolerant; neither side has shown any disposition to mellow with age. Perennially, the fighting breaks out, now at a bridge party, now at the Ladies Aid, now in the jury room. Laides grow insulting, gentlemen angry, children belligerent. Every year a vote is taken, an official vote, in a regular election, and the outcome is always the same; -Cows are allowed to walk the streets of Marlinton unaccompanied. The county paper carries the headline, "Cows Win Again!"

The town is divided; religion, politics and scandal take a back seat when the cow question comes up. Mrs. Martin is the leader of the anti-cow party, and Mr. Snow heads the pro-cow faction. These commanders are unforgiving, and uncompromising. Mrs. Martin and Mr. Snow haven't spoken for years. That is, they haven't spoken to each other; their loquaciousness on the burning

question, in other circles, increases daily. And their methods of proselyting are not always above reproach. Mrs. Alton, an Anti-dow of several years standing, was heard voicing decidedly pro-cow sentiments, recently. Her surprised neighbors investigated and the awful truth was revealed. Mrs. Alton had been the recipient of several gifts of cream from Mr. Snow!

The Pros, of course, are the cow owners. Naturally, they want their animals to eat grass, and the only grazing land in the valley is along the side-walks and on the vacant lots of the town. The Antis, however, complain that therein lies the point of the whole situation. The cows not only graze on the vacant lots, but also in the gardens and yards and shrubbery of the citizens; and this, in spite of the fact that high picket fences

want their animals to eat grass, and the only grazing land in the valley is along the side-walks and on the vacant lots of the town. The Antis, however, complain that therein lies the point of the whole situation. The cows not only graze on the vacant lots, but also in the gardens and yards and shrubbery of the citizens; and this, in spite of the fact that high picket fences surround their property. Gates are sometimes left open by careless people, and the indictment has been made, too, that several cows have opened gates themselves. Each time a resident arises in the morning and finds his spinach devoured, the Antis gain a convert, and the fighting breaks out afresh.

A relative of ours from the city came to visit us one summer. One night he played bridge until past midnight with some friends down the street. When he started home the town was dark. Our town light company, assuming that all good citizens were at home

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and safe in their beds by midnight, cut off all the street lights at twelve o'clock. Any people who might be abroad after that late hour, should be ashamed of themselves, and glad to return home, unseen under cover of darkness. At any rate the young man started home, feeling his way along the fences. As he crept along the courthouse walk he stumbled and fell over a formidable and lively object, a suddenly awakened cow. His screams aroused the town.

I, myself, have never been a zealous supporter of either party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those horrid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a

party. I have tried to remain neutral. I am one of those timid, spineless, creatures who prefer peace at any price. But if I am anything, I guess I am a pro. Although we haven't owned a cow for many years I recollect a delightful parade of my youth. My father led the procession, carrying the milk bucket; I followed, close upon his heels; Tackle, our lame Airedale dog, came next; and my two cats brought up the rear. We marched, morning and evening from our house to the barn. We all superintended the milking, and upon our return to the house assisted in the consumption of the milk. Our ritual never varied. The three bowls on the back porch and one in the kitchen were filled and emptied twice a day.

One summer, after I had been absent for the better part of a year, I casually remarked that the island in the bend of the creek was a picturesque spot; the cows grazing there lent an atmosphere of rural peace rarely found in a town the size of

Marlinton. I realized my mistake before the words were out of my mouth. The two Antis, who were in the car with me, close friends of mine from childhood, have been noticeably cool ever since. The situation, already tense, was not lightened when I had to stop the car at the next corner and wait while a cow took her leisurely way across the street.

Even when I am absent I am kept informed as to developments. The latest bulletin from the front carries surprising news. The cows themselves have taken up the issue now. Heretofore they have shown little interest in the affair, remaining calm and placid and unconcerned. But the constant bickering is beginning to tell. The cows are finally realizing that their far-famed contentment is threatened. They have taken steps. Mr. Barnell's Daisy, wilfully and with malice aforethought, on Tuesday last, had a calf in Mrs. Martin's front yard!



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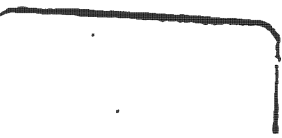
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MEN
OF
WEST VIRGINIA

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Men of West Virginia



HON. JOHN EDWARD KENNA.

HON. JOHN EDWARD KENNA, whose death occurred January 11, 1893, at an age when most men are not considered to have reached the prime of life, had achieved a national reputation as a statesman through many years of service as a representative of the State of West Virginia in the House of Representatives and Senate

of the United States. Elected to the lower house in 1876, at the age of 28 years, he became a United States Senator in 1883, when 35 years old. To no other man of the Mountain State has it been given to perform so great an amount of public service in the early years of manhood.

Mr. Kenna was born in Valcoulon, Kanawha County, Virginia, now West Virginia, April 10, 1848, and at his death had not completed his 45th year, although nearly half his life had been spent in the public service. His father, Edward Kenna, a native of Ireland, came to the United States when 14 years of age and secured employment at Natchez, Mississippi, subsequently removing to Cincinnati, Ohio, where, after a brief business experience, he began the study of law. In 1847 Edward Kenna married Margery Lewis, the only daughter of John Lewis, of Kanawha County, Virginia, a grandson of Gen. Andrew Lewis, a man fa-

mous in the history of Virginia and one of a family of marked distinction in the annals of the Old Dominion. This marriage led to Mr. Kenna's removal to Kanawha County, Virginia, where he successfully pursued the practice of the law and gained an extended reputation as a public speaker. In 1856, when only 39 years of age, he died, leaving three children,—two daughters and one son, John Edward Kenna, aged eight years. Left in straitened circumstances, Mrs. Kenna removed in 1858, to Missouri, where her brother resided. Residing upon a farm in a section not then developed, young Kenna had few opportunities for acquiring an education. He worked on a farm with Mr. Lewis, his uncle, and in after years referred to the fact that he could look with pride upon one of the finest plantations in Missouri which he had helped to redeem from its natural state with a prairie plow and four yoke of oxen when he was but 11 years of age.

When 16 years of age Mr. Kenna enlisted in the Confederate Army and followed its fortunes to the end of the war. While serving in General Shelby's brigade he was badly wounded in the shoulder and arm, but declined to be retired on account of his wounds and continued in active service. One

who has written with true appreciation of his character says of this period of his life: "In all the constant and pressing march, though but 16 years of age and suffering from his wounds, he never failed of a task that any other soldier performed and never lost a day from active service." The command to which he was attached retreated from Missouri into Arkansas, encountering hardships that are indescribable. The severe exposures of the hurried march could not break the spirit of the young soldier, but they caused a serious illness, and he was taken to a hospital where he lay in a dangerous condition for six months. In June, 1865, he rejoined his command, which was surrendered to the Federal forces at Shreveport, Louisiana. One who served with him remembers the handsome youth, bold and ardent of temperament, manly beyond his years, a general favorite, the life of the camp. None took more pride in his subsequent career than those who were his comrades in those arduous campaigns in Missouri and Arkansas.

Returning to his native county of Kanawha, to which his mother had returned, Mr. Kenna obtained employment at salt-making. But he wanted to do better; he had a desire to rise in the world. Realizing the incomplete-

ness of his education, through the assistance of kind friends, chief of whom was Bishop R. V. Whelan, he entered St. Vincent's Academy at Wheeling, and by diligent study acquired in the course of less than three years a knowledge of books sufficient to enable him to pursue his studies at home. After leaving school, in 1868, Mr. Kenna studied law in the office of Miller & Quarrier, at Charleston, West Virginia, and was admitted to the bar in 1870. He rose rapidly in his profession. In 1872 he was nominated by the Democratic party and elected to the office of prosecuting attorney of Kanawha County, rendering in that important office efficient service. The duties of prosecuting attorney in one of the most populous counties of the State tried the qualities of the young lawyer, but he was equal to every test, and obtained a wider recognition of the powers which those who knew him intimately felt sure needed only the occasion to call forth. In 1875 Mr. Kenna was elected judge pro tem. of the Circuit Court, and discharged the difficult duties of the office in a manner that added to his already well-merited reputation for industry and legal ability.

In 1876 Mr. Kenna was nominated by the Democrats of the Third Con-

gressional District of West Virginia as their candidate for Congress, defeating men much older in years and of acknowledged ability and popularity. He was duly elected and entered Congress, the youngest member of that body. His aptitude for legislative duties was quickly discerned by Speaker Randall, who assigned him to service on important committees, and by other leaders, and it was not long before he became one of the most influential members of the House of Representatives. He was re-elected in 1878, in 1880, and 1882. Before the beginning of the term for which he had been last chosen, he was elected to the United States Senate, in 1883, to succeed Hon. Henry C. Davis, and took his seat December 3, 1883, and was re-elected in 1889 for the term ending March 3, 1895. When he entered the Senate he was, as he had been in the House, the youngest member of the body.

Mr. Kenna "developed at the very threshold of legislative life," said the writer previously quoted, "an aptness for it, and a coolness of judgment meriting the testimonials he received from other members, and from many of his constituents. He never spoke except when he had something to say. His splendid physique—standing full

six feet—his smooth diction and clear enunciation, and his self-poise never failed to attract attention and to command respect. His growth, after the full six years he served in the House, was continuous and steady. But few who served continuously with him developed as rapidly. He always represented the progressive, liberal, and vigorous element of his party, and consequently holds the respect of those aggressive working members of his own party and the esteem of his political opponents in legislative councils.”

Mr. Kenna was first married in 1870, to Rosa Quigg, of Wheeling, West Virginia, but four years later he was left a widower. Margaret, the daughter of this marriage, was born in 1871, and is now a Sister of St. Joseph, at Flushing, Long Island, being known as Sister Alma Regina. Mr. Kenna's second wife was Annie Benninghaus, of Wheeling, West Virginia, to whom he was married in November, 1876. Six children came to them: Edward, Arthur, John, Joseph, James, and Mary; James died in early infancy. Mrs. Kenna, with her family, resides in Charleston. In his home life, the grace and beauty of Mr. Kenna's character stood out in bold relief. The tender charm that was always present with him as a dispenser of the

hospitalities of his own fireside filled all with pleasure and admiration. The relative claims of son, husband, father, brother and master were filled with unexampled fidelity and unfaltering trust. His buoyant disposition and happy nature gave an air of sunshine to his home, his bright nature being reflected in his family. Mr. Kenna was a true son of nature by reason of early training and by inheritance, which gave him an instinctive knowledge of the silent woods and running brooks. There was nothing he loved so well as to withdraw from the haunts of man, with his gun and rod, and to gain recreation and rest for his overworked body and brain. Few men of such vigorous brain and strong elements of body were as accomplished as he. He loved to take up his violin to improvise his own musical fancies or to merrily screech out the rude airs of his native hills. In the art of photography he excelled, exhibiting great taste in selecting romantic spots of mountain, wood or torrent. Mr. Kenna's religion was Roman Catholic; he lived and died in the full communion of the faith. The funeral services were held in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Charleston, West Virginia. His body was born to his resting place by his family, friends and a distinguished es-

cort from the United States Senate and House of Representatives. His monument stands in the Catholic Cemetery high above the beautiful valleys of the Elk and Kanawha rivers, that he loved so well.

West Virginia has honored Mr. Kenna by placing his statue in Memorial Hall in the Capitol at Washington, D. C.



ANDREW RUSSELL BARBEE, M. D.

ANDREW RUSSELL BARBEE, M. D.—One of the best known and most highly regarded citizens of Mason County, West Virginia, is Dr. Andrew R. Barbee, who was born December 9, 1827.

His father, also named Andrew Russell Barbee, was a native of Virginia, and died at the age of 87 years.

During the greater part of his life he was a farmer, and also taught school. A staunch Democrat, he was active in politics, but never accepted office. Both he and his wife were members of the Baptist Church. He married Nancy Britton, also a Virginian, who survived her husband but two years. Their six sons and six daughters all arrived at ages of maturity, bearing these names: George B., deceased; Eliza Ann, deceased; Gabriel T. (now past his 90th anniversary), for four years a member of the Virginia State Senate, is a merchant at Bridgewater, Virginia; William R., deceased, was a sculptor of talent, spent several years in Florence and Rome, Italy, and is the author of "The Coquette," "Fisher Girl," "Young American," and many other life-size statues; Ellen, deceased; Lewis C., deceased; Jane is the widow of Jonathan Bean, who died from a battle wound received in the Confederate Army; Andrew Russell; Caroline and Adaline, deceased; Joseph S., who served in the cavalry during the Civil War, is a newspaper man and artist, in Los Angeles, California; and Mary, deceased.

Dr. Barbee obtained his education under the care of his sister, at home, and in the country schools, and spent two years as a pupil of Professor Mc-

Carty, at Petersburg. He then read medicine with his father-in-law, Dr. J. J. Thompson, of Luray, Virginia, and in 1848 entered the University of Pennsylvania, graduating in 1851. Afterwards taking a course in the Richmond Medical College, he went to Flint Hill, Rappahannock County, Virginia, and practiced there six months and then lived at Criglersville, Madison County, Virginia, until 1858. Failing health caused him to suspend his practice for a time and he engaged in the exhibition and sale of his brother's marble sculptures. In 1859 he bought a farm near Raymond City, Putnam County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and practiced in partnership with his father-in-law. When the Civil War broke out, Dr. Barbee, though violently opposed to secession, together with some of the ablest men of the State, "stumped" the Kanawha Valley in opposition to the cowardly subterfuge of "peaceable secession,"—yet, when the State, which gave him birth, by a large majority had severed its relations with the Union of States by an ordinance, cast his lot and fortunes with his State, whether right or wrong, and made requisitions on his company of 163 bear and deer hunter men, most of whom were six-footers, who had made him captain several

years previous to the agitation of the so-called "peaceable secession" and as against coercion. He was the first to engage the Federal troops near his home in their march up the Kanawha Valley early in July, 1861, and entered the Confederate service as captain of the Border Riflemen, and when the regiment was re-organized in the fall of 1861, he was made lieutenant-colonel and on the death of Col. George M. Ratton succeeded to the colonelcy. Prior to this he had received a wound in the arm, at Dry Creek. Later he went into the medical department, retaining his rank and was assigned to Gen. John C. Breckenridge in a medico-military capacity. After General Breckenridge was made Secretary of War, he was assigned to the staff of Gen. James L. Kemper. Obeying his first order, he was sent to Saltville, in Southwestern Virginia, in a medico-military character to inspect the sanitary condition of the army there and to ascertain the need for medical and surgical supplies as well as to look into the want and necessities in the ordnance department. On reaching Saltville (the only source from which supplies of salt for the Confederate Army were obtainable), he found about one-third of the army there down with small-pox, but managed to control it. Ere

his report to General Kemper on sanitation, medical and military wants could be made, General Burbridge, in command of 4,000 colored troops from Kentucky, bounced in upon him. Retaining his military rank, Dr. Barbee engaged actively in the fight the day long, when General Williams with infantry and General Jones with cavalry re-inforced, and thus the last chance for Confederate salt was saved, General Burbridge retiring, with loss of many men, killed, wounded and prisoners. Dr. Barbee took part in many of the battles in the Shenandoah Valley and was with General Morgan when he was shot, and was one of his pall-bearers. The first battle in which he felt more than usually interested was four miles from his home and a part of the enemy confiscated and threshed out his wheat, oats, rye, etc. He was also at Giles Court House, New River, White Sulphur and other points.

After the close of the war, Dr. Barbee accepted the situation, took the oath of allegiance, being the first man in West Virginia to do so, and returned to the home of his father-in-law, his own estates having been confiscated. Soon after, he resumed practice at Coalsmouth, and found his time occupied with the care of a camp of con-

valescent Union soldiers; later in 1865, he moved to Buffalo, Putnam County, where he practiced until 1868, when he moved to Point Pleasant, West Virginia, where he has resided ever since. He has become one of the leading citizens of the county, an important factor in its educational and professional development. For 15 years he served as president of the Board of Education, both white and colored, and was the first organizer of a colored school in Point Pleasant. Dr. Barbee is a member of the West Virginia Medical Association, of which he has been president; of the Ohio Valley Medical Association; and of the medical society of the county. Since its organization in 1881, he has been a member of the State Board of Health. Under Governor Atkinson's administration, he was elected secretary and executive officer of the State Board of Health, and registrar of vital and mortuary statistics of West Virginia, an office in which he has been continued during various administrations. For a number of years he was examining surgeon for the U. S. pension board, resigning in the latter part of President Harrison's administration; he also served for many years as the efficient health officer and county coroner of Mason County.

Dr. Barbee has also been a leading factor in politics. He is of Republican faith and from 1881 to 1884 was a member of the State Senate. In 1884 he was a candidate for Congress, but was defeated by 43 votes.

On May 22, 1852, he was married to Margaret A. G. Thompson, who was born in Luray, Virginia, in 1834, and is a daughter of Dr. J. J. Thompson, an eminent physician, who practiced for 20 years in Luray, Virginia, and three years at Point Pleasant, and spent the remainder of his life on his farm opposite the mouth of the Poca, on the Great Kanawha River, West Virginia, dying at an advanced age, in 1881. Dr. Thompson was a member of the Virginia Legislature that passed the Ordinance of Secession, and took a strong stand against it and voted against it. A family of six children was born to Dr. and Mrs. Barbee, namely: John R., deceased; Mary B., the widow of C. W. Harper, deceased, who was a coal merchant at Raymond City; Kate Louise, who married, first, John McCullough, who died in 1881, and second, J. Samuel Spencer, an attorney at Point Pleasant; Ann Rebecca, who married O. E. Darnall, superintendent of the West Virginia Reform School; and Hugh A., a physician at Point Pleasant. Mrs. Barbee

is a member of the Presbyterian Church. The Doctor is a Mason. He is a man of great intelligence and a genial companion. His reminiscences of the past are most instructive and interesting.



MAJ. ELY ENSIGN.

MAJ. ELY ENSIGN, one of the most distinguished citizens of West Virginia, died suddenly of an attack of apoplexy on January 27, 1902, at his home in Huntington, West Virginia. He was born December 19, 1840, at Huntsville, Litchfield County, Connecticut, and for many years was more prominently identified with the business interests of Cabell County and the city of Huntington than almost any other man.

The first important business connection of Major Ensign was with the Barnum & Richardson Company of Lime Rock, Connecticut, large manufacturers of pig iron and car wheels, and prior to his majority he was employed on the old Housatonic Railroad. Having an uncle who was engaged in business at Sacramento, California, at the age of 21 he went to the Pacific Coast where he anticipated locating, but after remaining about one year he returned to Lime Rock and re-entered the employ of Barnum & Richardson. In 1866, he made a second trip to the Golden State, this time in the interests of the company.

In October, 1872, Major Ensign, in company with Senator W. H. Barnum and Collis P. Huntington, went to Huntington, and they, with others, established the extensive car wheel manufacturing establishment, which was given his name, being known as The Ensign Manufacturing Company, and has grown to be one of the largest manufacturing plants in the State. In 1881 this business was increased to include freight car building. Mr. Ensign was secretary and treasurer of this company and its active manager up to 1899, when the plant came into the American Car & Foundry Company's possession through a

merger, at which time Major Ensign was made the district manager and so continued until his death. In addition to his connection with this business, he was vice-president of the Huntington National Bank and was a leading stockholder in the wholesale grocery firm of Sehon, Stevenson & Company; had extensive yellow pine lumber interests in the South and large coal land interests in West Virginia; was a director in the Ohio River Railroad, now a part of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad system; was interested in the Ensign-Oskamp Lumber Company, manufacturers of yellow pine, at Ocilla, Georgia; and had various other business interests in Huntington.

Major Ensign was a Gold Democrat in politics and served as mayor of Huntington in 1896, being one of the best chief executives the city ever had. He never desired official honors, however, preferring to live the quiet, unassuming life of a simple citizen.

In 1869, Major Ensign married Mary C. Walton, of Salisbury, Connecticut, and three children were born to them: John W., born in 1871, who is the present district manager of the American Car & Foundry Company; Mary P., born February 7, 1873, who died April 24, 1889, and Anna C.,

born August 28, 1880, who married W. F. Hite, who is district freight agent for the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway. The surviving children and their families reside with Mrs. Ensign in a beautiful home, at No. 1330 3rd avenue, which was erected by the Major and was completed in 1894. It is one of the most elegant homes in the State, supplied with every modern convenience, and stands in the midst of beautiful grounds. For several years Major Ensign was senior warden of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, in which he was a vestryman from its organization.

Major Ensign joined the Masonic fraternity in Connecticut, and always retained his membership there. He was one of the State's leading citizens and no man did more to promote the upbuilding of Huntington. During his years of residence there he had become familiarly known to almost every man, woman and child in the city, and his unexpected death came as a shock to everyone. At the time of his decease he was one of the commissioners of the World's Fair at St. Louis.

GEORGE M. SNOOK, who has been engaged in the dry goods business since he was 15 years of age, is at the head of the firm of George M. Snook &

Company, which conducts one of the most complete wholesale and retail dry goods houses in the State of West Virginia. The business was established in 1884 by George Rentsch, Albert Wilkie and George M. Snook, and has since been conducted under the firm name of George M. Snook & Company. The present place of business is at No. 1110 Main street, but a new building is being completed which will include Nos. 1110, 1112 and 1114 Main street. No. 1114 of the new building will extend through to Market street, 265 feet, and Nos. 1110 and 1112 will be 132 feet deep. The building being erected will have five stories and a basement, and will be supplied with steam heat and elevator power, electric light and the pneumatic tube system of cash carrier service, the only one at the present time in the city of Wheeling. The front of the building is of white enamel brick, and the main part is of structural iron work, filled with brick, making it a very substantial building and one of the best in the State. There are double show windows on the first and second floors, and a vestibule continuing to the third floor. At the present time about 80 people are employed, but this number will be increased to 125 or 150 when the new building is occupied. The firm bears an excellent reputation

for the character of the goods handled, and has always done an extensive business. The first floor is well stocked with general merchandise, notions and dry goods; the second floor, with ladies' ready made goods; the third, with carpets, curtains and draperies; and the fourth with fancy and holiday goods. The reserve and duplicate stock is carried on the fifth floor, and the china and house furnishing goods are in the basement. The present members of the company are George M. Snook, George Rentsch, Albert L. Wilkie, Thomas Carnahan, Jr., Remick P. Truxell, Louis Rentsch and H. D. Hervey,—an array of business talent that would succeed in any venture.

Mr. Snook was born at Martinsburg, West Virginia, and removed to Wheeling in 1876, entering the employ of Charles Brues as clerk. In 1880, he began clerking for George E. Stifel & Company, and continued until 1884, when his present business was established. His life work has been devoted to the dry goods business, and his knowledge of it in all its details, combined with a superior natural ability, has been the secret of his success.

Mr. Snook was united in marriage with Emma Truxell, a daughter of Henry Truxell, deceased, who was an early resident of Wheeling, and was

identified with the LaBelle Iron Works. Mr. Snook lives in Pleasant Valley. He is a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen. He has a brother, Charles S. Snook, located in Wheeling.



JOHN T. COTTON, M. D.

JOHN T. COTTON, M. D.—To have lived a long and useful life and to have its closing years crowned with honor and affection is not the happy fate of all men, but this is the good fortune of one of the most highly esteemed citizens of Charleston, West Virginia. Dr. Cotton was born August 4, 1819, at Marietta, Washington County, Ohio, and is a son of Dr. John Cotton, an eminent Boston physician, who was born at Plymouth, Massachusetts, September 9, 1792. Dr. John Cotton graduated at Harvard University and there took the degrees of A.

M. and M. D. and later decided to migrate to the new State of Ohio.

Our venerable subject some years since put into pamphlet form a most interesting lot of papers which were written by his father at the time of the family exodus from Massachusetts. We feel that a few extracts of family history, concerning the early life of Ohio, must possess much interest.

On September 17, 1815, we sailed from Providence in a New York packet." After reaching the now great metropolis, the following comment was made: "Although the largest city in the United States, to the eye of the stranger its appearance is rather ordinary. The streets are narrow, crooked and dirty, with the exception of Broadway. It is the custom here to throw all the filth engendered in the private houses in the street and the swine are set at liberty to devour it. This practice, it is thought, tends to healthfulness." On the 21st the party set out from New York in a steamboat and at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, chartered four stages and that night reached Princeton, which was left early the following morning for Trenton, where a steamboat was again used for conveyance to Philadelphia. It may be interesting to learn what this intelligent and observing traveler had to say con-

cerning the steamboats: "The steamboat is a curious and truly useful invention, of a nature too much complicated for me to describe or even understand. They vary in length from 60 to 200 feet; ours was about 90 feet, having two spacious cabins and a bar at one end where liquors were sold. We proceeded at least six miles an hour against tide by the power of steam." On the 30th of September the party started from Philadelphia and reached Lancaster, Pennsylvania, breakfasted at Harrisburg, crossed the Susquehannah in a ferry boat, making a note that a bridge was being considered over that river, and safely reached Chambersburg. Here for the first time is any note made of fatigue, but nevertheless 3 o'clock in the morning found the party again on the way. After many minor mishaps, told in a very entertaining manner, the Juniata River was crossed on a chain bridge; on the next day they crossed the Alleghany Mountains and on the seventh day from Philadelphia left Greensburg and reached Pittsburg. That city calls for interesting comment on account of the prevailing coal dust and some surprise is shown that the residents used nothing there for fuel but coal. On October 9th the party set out from Pittsburg in a covered skiff and proceeded